

THE SANDMAN STORY

FOX AND MR. BADGER

YOUNG FOX had never had a real home. He had lived in the tall grass near the marsh, where the ducks were often to be found, ever since he was old enough to take care of himself.

But one day he thought it was time to take to the woods and find a home, so he started out tenement hunting.

Of course he did not mind at all looking in at every place he found. There was Mr. Badger's home; he looked in at that, but it happened that Mr. B. had not got up, so Mr. Fox decided not to tarry there.

Mr. Old Rabbit had left his door open, too, and in there Young Fox looked, but as Mr. Old Rabbit was

and pulled down the shades and went to bed.

Now this place happened to be the home of another Mr. Badger—a very peaceful fellow—seldom away from home in the daytime, but this being a cloudy day he had gone for a stroll.

When Mr. Badger returned and found his door locked, he began to wonder who was inside, for as he peeped in at the keyhole, he could see that the key was in the lock.

Now Mr. Badger had been locked out before, so he just got a ladder and climbed up to the chimney and slid down.

Young Fox was asleep and making a noise about it, and Mr. Badger tiptoed to his bedroom and looked in and there in his very own bed was Young Fox, fast asleep.

First he opened the door wide and then he went to the bed and gave Young Fox a hard shake.

"Let me alone," he said, opening one eye to make sure it was not Mr. Dog.

"Get out of my bed," said Mr. Badger; "this is my house."

"Possession is nine points of the law," replied Young Fox.

"Do you see these marks, my badge?" said Mr. Badger, pointing to the black stripe on each side of his white head.

"Yes, I see them," said Young Fox. "All your family are white-headed, all old, I suppose."

"I'll show you," said Mr. Badger, and with a spring he was on the bed and took hold of one of Young Fox's ears, which was sticking up.

"Oh! let go of my ear!" cried Young Fox, jumping up and trying to shake off Mr. Badger, but it was no use; his teeth were fastened in Young Fox's ear for keeps.

Young Fox ran to the door and out in the woods crying and jumping, but still Mr. Badger clung to his ear, and not until he was quite a distance from the house did he let go.

When he at last unfastened his jaws he called after Young Fox, who was running: "That is why I got the badge, because I have the finest set of jaws in the world, and if ever you come around here again, I will show you how long I can hold on with them."

(Copyright.)



still in possession, Young Fox looked further:

"Oh! I'll find some one away from home or some deserted home before long," thought Young Fox as he trotted through the woods.

It did not matter to him at all whether the house was vacant for good or not if only it was vacant when he got there, for Young Fox did not like to build a home; it was too much work.

He went into Mr. Bear's house, but he went right out as soon as he could, for Mr. Bear looked well able to dispute with him, and Young Fox did not want trouble—he wanted to live in the woods.

"Now this looks nice to me," he said as he came to a place where there seemed to be no one at home, and after looking around Young Fox decided to stay, so he locked the door

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE FISHING OUTFIT.

You may talk of stylish raiment,
You may boast your broadcloth fine,
And the price you gave in payment
May be trouble that of mine.
But there's one suit I'd not trade you
Though it's shabby and it's thin,
For the garb your tailor made you;
That's the tattered,
Mud-bespattered
Suit that I go fishing in.

There's no king in silks and laces
And with jewels on his breast
With whom I would alter places.
There's no man so richly dressed
Or so like a fashion panel
That his luxuries to win
I would swap my shirt of flannel
And the rusty
Frayed and dusty
Suit that I go fishing in.

'Tis an outfit meant for pleasure,
It is freedom's raiment, too;
It's a garb that I shall treasure
Till my time of life is through
Though perhaps it looks the saddest
Of all robes for mortal skin,
I am proudest and I'm gladdest
In that easy
Old and greasy
Suit that I go fishing in.
(Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)

Mother's Cook Book

Yes, count me a lover of Earth
With its tears and its mirth,
Its wine that is bitter or bread that is sweet—
With the pink apple trees and the brown
honey bees.
With the far purple lands,
And the warm golden sands—
And its queer little, low-shalowed things
That are sacred as archangels' wings
Or the stars that are seven!
—Louise Bowman.

Baked Mackerel.
Take two medium-sized fish, split and remove heads. Put into a buttered dripping pan, dot with butter and pour over one and one-third cups of rich milk. Bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven.

Ginger Drops.
Beat one egg; add one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sifted flour, and one-half cupful of melted shortening. Dissolve one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda in one cupful of sour milk, add three and one-half cupfuls of flour and a tablespoonful of ginger. When all the ingredients are added, add one tablespoonful of molasses. Drop from a spoon onto a greased, floured dripping pan. Bake in a moderate oven.

Mexican Potato Salad.
Mix one tablespoonful of flour with one tablespoonful of melted butter or bacon fat, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of chili powder and one cupful of vinegar; cook until smooth. Cut potatoes into small dice, add finely chopped onions to season, then the dressing and serve.

Panned Tomatoes.
Select firm, even sized tomatoes, cut in halves, dip in flour and put cut side down in a pan in which has been melted two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cook over a hot fire until brown; remove the tomatoes to a hot dish and mix in a pan of sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of milk and one teaspoonful of chili powder, with one-half teaspoonful of salt. Boil ten minutes and pour over the tomatoes.

Bread Sticks.
Remove the crusts from slices of stale bread, cut in strips five inches long and one-half inch wide. Roll in melted butter and brown delicately in the oven. Serve with salad or with cheese. In place of crackers.

Good Cakes for the Family.
A good fruit cake which may be kept six months and a square of which may be iced when it is to be served is a good economy.

Escalloped Noodles.
Prepare noodles—the home-made kind are much better for this dish; put a layer of noodles in a baking dish, add a white sauce, using broth and milk, season well and cook until smooth. Put a layer of the sauce over the noodles, another layer of noodles and finish with buttered crumbs. Bake until the noodles are well done. Chicken broth or veal broth are especially good with this dish.

Nellie Maxwell
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MILITANT MARY
Dame Nature's dressed the trees in green; the sky in stunning BLUE; And here I am in last year's frock—I WISH SHE'D DRESS ME TOO!
—E. F. Tamm

TELL 'EM NOTHING

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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"A bit of advice to you, George, old man!" cried Bill Edwards, waving his napkin to attract attention, "and it's summed up in these words: 'Catch 'em young' (which you did); 'treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothing!'"

"Hear! hear!" cried the crowd gathered in the dining room of the Westlock Lawn club to bid George Evans goodby as a bachelor and godspeed as a benedict.

Bayley Robinson watched the proceedings with amused eyes. His turn at this sort of thing would arrive presently, for his wedding day and Janey's was set a brief six months away. Consequently he wasn't averse to gathering any random scraps of advice and stowing them away for future use. This little catch-phrase doggerel he had just heard for instance, spoken in jest, would it bear serious consideration?

"Catch 'em young," Janey was just past twenty, young enough certainly for these days when many a girl managed to reap in a college course and a career before marrying.

"Treat 'em rough"—well, hardly, considering his six-foot-one and Janey's scarce five-foot-five.

"Tell 'em nothing." There, now, might be a point. For Janey was the most inquisitive little soul on the face of the earth. "Where did you get lunch today, Bayley?" "What made you ten minutes late, dear?" "What are you thinking about—business or nice?" That was Janey Middleton.

And the question was, would it wear off with married life, being merely a sentimental interest in him and his doings altogether commendable or would he, hereafter, be accountable to that slip of femininity for every thought of his brain, every moment of his time? Bayley decided then and there to start right with Janey. So many marriages were wrecked nowadays because of a failure to take a firm stand at the beginning, he told himself. The thing to do was not so to merge one's own individuality with that of the favored one



as to lose it entirely, but, while becoming theoretically one whole, to remain actually two halves.

As a result of this decision, Bayley determined on a course of action which, carried to a conclusion, might ultimately have changed his wedding day from a thing of orange blossoms, church music and solemn promises into simply, "the day on which I was to have married Janey."

As it was—well, it began with a telegram. Bayley was the eastern representative of a tremendously big concern dealing exclusively in women's high grade tailormades, to speak in terms of the "trade." The telegram announced the intended visit of a buyer from one of the most exclusive shops in New England's largest city, a visit which would probably culminate in an order amounting well into the thousands.

Bayley knew this buyer—had known her for years—knew her for a capable, intelligent woman about ten years his senior, with a mind single to business. Now had it not been for Bill Edwards' silly doggerel, Bayley would have explained all this to Janey, and all would presumably have been well. But it unhappily occurred to Bayley that here was an excellent opportunity for beginning that policy of telling Janey nothing. Janey would never know and would be spared any slight feeling of jealousy at her Bayley ordering "grilled lobster for two" when somebody else than she was the other one of the two.

So, in the due course of events, Miss Dobson and Bayley had their luncheon. Bayley's firm received a \$4,000 order, out of which Bayley pulled a nice little commission, and that evening Bayley presented himself, as he always did on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights, at the Middleton apartment.

While waiting some few minutes for Janey Bayley's thoughts dwelt complacently on his commission, which

would go to swell that particular fund labeled "wedding trip expenses," and on his wisdom in sparing Janey the details of his business.

Then in came Janey, softly, alluringly gowned in old rose tulle with quaint draperies which emphasized her slenderness. If her wistful gray eyes were a bit teary rather than laughing Bayley didn't observe it, being much more concerned over the dexterity with which she evaded his eager arms and customary kiss and slipped over to a prim, straight-backed chair instead of sinking down into the blue velvet depths of the other corner of the davenport on which he himself had been sitting.

"I say, Janey dear!" he said, disturbed, "nothing's wrong?"

"Oh, no!" returned Janey, with a promptness and sweetness of emphasis which would have warned a more experienced man. Then, "Where were you around two o'clock, Bayley?" she asked—quite casually.

"Me? Oh, I was out."

"Alone?"

"No— that is, you see, an out-of-town buyer happened in. And you know how it is, I've explained, dear, that when people come on, it's often up to me to put them in a pleasant state of mind, and eating is always a sociable way of spending the time, and so—"

"What buyer was in?"

Janey's artless questions couldn't have been more involving if she had deliberately planned them for his undoing.

"Dobson," he said, desperately, "Dobson of Boston."

"M-m-m," said Janey. "Miss or Mrs?"

It was no use. "How the deuce—" he began.

"Oh, Bayley!" wailed Janey. "Why didn't you tell me? It's not the thing itself but the concealment that I mind! You see, father said I could have the car downtown this afternoon, and I waited until I was sure you had returned from lunch. Then I telephoned to see if I could bring you home at five. The stenographer said you had gone out at one, saying you wouldn't be back until three."

"So I brought dad home instead, and he said he had seen you hurrying along as if to keep an appointment. And when I reached home Bill Edwards' sister was here and said she sat three tables behind you at Dantini's and wondered if the sporty looking girl you were with, with a caracul coat and a large bouquet of double violets, was your sister. And if I could only have explained! It put me in such a false position and—what's the matter?"

For Bayley was regarding her, not with guilt or contrition, but with open-eyed admiration.

"Tell 'em nothing!" he murmured. "Good Lord, you don't have to! They find out without being told!"

Then, some inward recollection of the foolish doggerel which had been his undoing, recalled the words, "Treat 'em rough." Rising, he strode over to the girl, fully dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief, and took her in his arms.

"Janey, my darling, I won't even apologize. It isn't worth it, but I do promise hereafter to tell you every single thing over your shoulder. Now lift up your lips and kiss me!"

And Janey necky did.

AMIR MADE HIS OWN RULES
Probably Other Golf Players Have Wished They Might Exercise Like Kingly Prerogative.

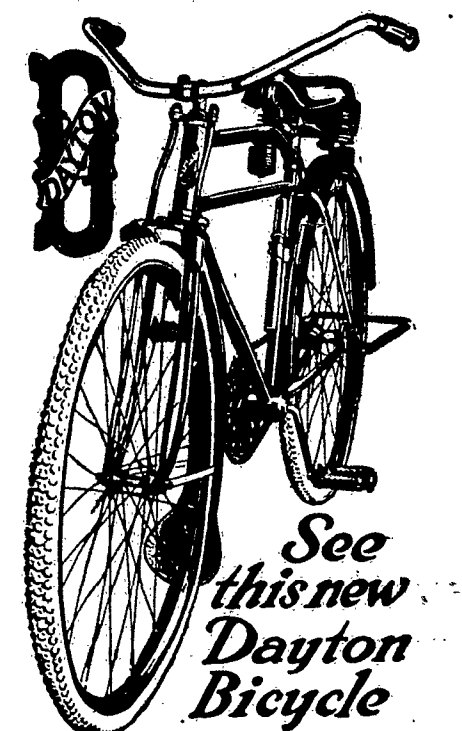
Habibullah Kahn, amir of Afghanistan, became a golf enthusiast and during the year 1910, and for three years, played the game almost daily. He had links built at both Kabul and Jalalabad. He lost a ball one day in the neighborhood of some store-shed that had recently been erected for storing electrical machinery that was arriving. He sent some companies of soldiers and had all the machinery removed and the g-d-downs torn down that same day. He told me once that whereas the year before he only played four holes at golf in a day, he now played as many as six. He often drove off and then rode to the ball in his rickshaw.

Once, A. C. Jowett writes in Asia, when he was playing against his oldest son, Prince Inayullah, his majesty's ball lodged behind a bunch of camel grass. He asked the Scotch engineer, who was acting as instructor and coach, what the rules were, and whether the ball could be moved out from behind the grass. When told that the rules prohibited this, he asked if the rules could not be changed; and told that this might be done, said: "We will make it a rule that when a ball falls behind a bunch of camel grass it can be moved out." A little later the prince's ball lodged behind a bunch of camel grass, and the amir, noting it, said: "We will change the ruling; the ball cannot be moved."

There is little of the true sporting instinct in Afghan. They will lie and cheat, anything to win, and are very poor losers. The amir generally won. I do not believe any one ever dared to beat him except the prince.

Pistons Act Also as Valves.
An internal combustion engine, which outwardly differs little from the familiar automobile type, but which is peculiar for its lack of either poppet or sleeve valves, has been developed, says the May Popular Mechanics Magazine in an illustrated article. The pistons are made very long, with the combustion chamber recessed in the head, and the lower end works through a ring with external teeth, which engage a worm wheel on a shaft in the casing. The gear rings run on steel balls in oil, and the piston actuates the connecting rod through a ball joint.

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